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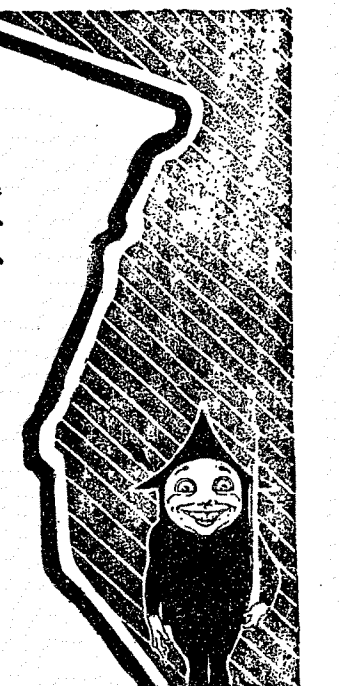
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Keep it in mind as the longest-lasting confection you can get.




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ent package of WRIGLEY'S will ou lasting enjoyment. It helps h, breath, appetite, digestion.

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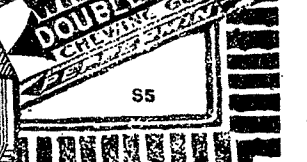
EW IT AFTER EVERY MEAL

the Flavor Lasts



WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM

THE FLAVOR LASTS



WRIGLEY'S DOUBLEMINT CHEWING GUM

THE FLAVOR LASTS

MUST NOT ENLARGE PLACE OF AMERICA IN WAR'S HISTORY

Educators at Beaune Ask
Fairness in Giving
Credit to All

MINOR CHANGES IN SYSTEM

Educational Work Will Operate
Under Supervision of Army
Much as Under Y.M.C.A.

National flag-waving of the junker, "Über Alles" type, as the underlying basis for teaching history is to be distinctly out of order in Yank schools, judging from opinions expressed by educators last week at the conference at Beaune last week of Army School officers and Educational Commission advisers from all parts of the A.E.F.

Many of the educators deplore the provincial attitude of history writers who glorify the achievements of their own country at the expense of others, and there is a well-founded fear that each is now likely to continue along the same lines concerning the late war. The result will be twenty-odd histories by the historians of twenty-odd countries, each proclaiming to the world at large that his country and no other defeated the Central Powers. The result will be, at the least, a hot argument, and at the most, a breeding of suspicion and narrow-minded nationalism with the ever-present danger of engendering a new rump.

Germany, which not only fostered this spirit but calmly adopted an Alamy to boot, as first witness and as irrefutable evidence, is pointed out as an example of what not to do, and of what self-glorification leads to.

One result of this view among conference members has been the preparation of a memorandum, urging the establishment of a permanent bureau of education in the League of Nations, and work being done on a conference. This memorandum has been presented to the Peace Conference by the Army Educational Commission.

Pass Up "Who Won the War?"

In brief, what the educators want is this: They want the Yanks in the A.E.F. schools, as well as all other Yanks at home and abroad, to be taught history by the same method, and to work under the same question: "Who Won the War?" They want the facts in the case clearly stated, with each nation given due credit, and they want every other allied nation to do the same.

The conference was a get-together meeting in which obstacles which had been met since the Army Schools were opened were discussed, and in which the results of the work were revealed. The Yank, it is found, is proving as apt a pupil in education as he was in warfare.

Train Officers for Business

Col. Ira L. Reeves, commanding officer, and president of the A.E.F. University at Beaune, has announced that training officers for business. The war, he said, has shown that officers are needed for other than combat divisions, and that the business and other activities, the better to be able to perform the duties of the S.O.S. Another discussion of the educational work of the regular Army divisions in peace time. The idea is to make each soldier a practical electrician, or mechanic, or carpenter, or farmer, or whatever else he may want to do in the Army, in fact, so that he can get a good job when he leaves it, if he wishes.

G.O. 65, taking the educational work from the Y.M.C.A., went into effect a week ago. Generally speaking, the organization will function as it has under the Y.M.C.A. with slight changes, and the Army will take over the expense of operation. The instructors brought overseas will be retained under contract, and they will be accorded the same privileges as regular officers. They will wear a specially devised educational insignia on the right shoulder.

Anxious to Study by Mail

The Army Correspondence courses are popular among the Yanks, 300 to 400 applications being received daily from members of the A.E.F. The courses are sent by mail, and the students are on farm machinery or automobile repair work and on farm machinery are especially sought after. There are offered in 21 courses, more to follow. Tuition and materials, of course, are free.

YANKEES IN BERLIN

USE RED CROSS FLAG

Bride's Specially Made Emblem Reaches Goal of Allied Ambition

There is no American flag flying over the Hotel Adlon, Berlin, where the Americans are on duty in the German capital have their headquarters. But there is a big Red Cross flag flying from the balcony to show all sundry that the Yanks are there purely and solely on a benevolent mission. Now, then—

There came to Berlin a short time ago an American medical officer, a captain from a famous division in the Army of Occupation, and he carried with him into the city a Red Cross flag five feet wide and nine feet long, which had been made for him by his bride just before he came overseas. That flag had waved its humanitarian folds before many a dugout and from many a tent and ruined building in the advanced areas on many fronts. It had even been spread out flat on the ground to warn Boche airmen that the terrain in the immediate vicinity was not belligerent—if they cared to respect it as such.

The captain was pleased to have brought the flag to Berlin—it would please his wife. And then his eyes rested on the big flag floating over the Adlon, and an idea struck him.

In the very near future a Red Cross flag which has flown on many fronts, and which, in addition, has flown over the Hotel Adlon in Berlin, is to be the emblem of the American flag in the city. The captain's most treasured possession back home. And, to prove it, he took several pictures and had witnesses inscribe their names on the white field in one corner of the flag.

PLEASANT EASTER, BUT—NO STORY

Reporter in Brig Gums Up
Plans for Some Real
Bordeaux Dope

(Editor's Note.—THE STARS AND STRIPES hoped to have in this issue an interesting story from Bordeaux. There is no story from Bordeaux. The following letter from Bordeaux explains clearly why there is no story from Bordeaux. But, anyway, we have something from Bordeaux.—E.D.)

This story is written in the brig at Bordeaux by a duly accredited reporter of THE STARS AND STRIPES. The date is April 20, the time 3:30 p.m. It is a pleasant Easter. It seems that there is a Bolshevik funeral, or a Socialist parade or something in the Grande city today and the French authorities have asked the Commander of Base Section No. 2 to keep all American officers and soldiers off the streets from noon until 7 p.m. And the C.O. issued orders accordingly to his M.P.'s, secret and in uniform. All Yanks were warned days in advance of the order.

Came noontime on Easter day at Bordeaux and the streets cleared of khaki and of sailor blue. The duly accredited reporter of this journal dined at the Hotel du Bordeaux as befits a Q.M. Sgt. Senior Grade, after which he stood jauntily in the doorway watching the passing populus and fair Bordeauxians enter the "Opera opposit".

Came 2 p.m. on Easter day at Bordeaux. The duly accredited reporter of this journal was a bit tipsy and wandered to the news stand on the corner. He reached the corner at the same time as a pleasant looking gentleman wearing the latest of what ever is French for a Hart Schaffner & Marx outfit.

"What's your name, son?" inquired the pleasant looking gentleman.

"I'm living in the hotel here," replied the reporter, carelessly brushing his three service chevrons with his right hand.

"Saw you in the hotel here," replied the reporter, carelessly brushing his three service chevrons with his right hand.

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ARMY FARMERS WILL HELP FILL MESSKIT

War Garden Plan, Immense Success Last Year, Is to Be Revived

The vegetable war gardens which constituted a feature of the work of feeding the A.E.F. during the season of 1918 will figure again this year in the family life of the American Army in France.

The latest dope from the Supplies Division of the Chief Quartermaster's Office at Tours, which is charged with the direction of activities of the A.E.F. hoe wielders, conveys the information that turnips will sprout this year where daisies used to grow.

Nevers, Givres, St. Almain, Le Mans, Contres and Versailles are the camps which will operate gardens this year, and at Allery, Beaune, Beau Desert, Bazailles-sur-Meuse, Chaumont, Mars-sur-Meuse, Nevers, Rimsourt, Savigny and Talence are hospitals scheduled to work the soil.

While thousands of members of the A.E.F. will be combining practical and theoretical gardening, other thousands will be diligently learning the theoretic side of farming in the College of Agriculture at Beaune and in the A.E.F. Army School at Nevers. The latter place already more than 2,400 men have set to work to learn the secrets of the soil from 350 acres of land and 75 instructors.

The decision to repeat last year's procedure was taken on the showing made by the agricultural corps last year, when 6,951,000 pounds of vegetables were raised and a net profit of 544,000 francs realized.

The Gardens Bureau, Q.M.C., at Tours, was established as the administrative office, with a sub-distributing agency at Versailles, where such an agency of the French. Combat divisions took part in the movement, but most of the work was done by the A.E.F. hospital areas of a permanent status. Fifteen hundred acres were under cultivation during the summer of 1918.

After the armistice was signed, the garden operation was confined to the camp and hospital gardens designated to be operated in 1919. Now there are practically 2,000 hectares being prepared for seed.

TWO SECRETARIES ON RHINE

The American Army along the Rhine and in Luxembourg and the Marines observed the Easter-time in fraternizing officially and unofficially with their respective civilian chiefs—Secretary of War Newton D. Baker and Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels.

Secretary Daniels reviewed and addressed 15,000 Marines of the 1st Division and 15,000 Marines of the 2nd Division.

GUERRILLA FLYER SCORED VICTORY IN LAST MOMENTS

Lieut. Luke, Missing Since
Argonne Drive, Sleeps
in Lonely Grave

18 VICTIMS IN 17 DAYS

Intrepid but Unruly Arizona Aviator Had Meteoric Career in War

The final chapter can now be written in the story of Lieut. Frank Luke, Jr., the young Arizona flyer who, after a meteoric appearance among the foremost American aviators, vanished from sight over the German lines in the first days of the Argonne drive. His grave has been found in the cemetery of the little village of Murvaux east of Dun-sur-Meuse, and from the stories of the wondering villagers can be pieced together a narrative which shows that he fought to the last moment and, as always, fought hard and fought alone.

Lieutenant Luke scored his first official victory on September 12—the first day of the St. Mihiel drive. He was killed 17 days later. On that day he brought down his eighteenth Boche. The observer said of him that he seemed to be possessed by some innate notion that he must die in a single season.

Flicked his wings in the air. He checked. He fought against heavy odds, few alone when he was under orders not to, flew at times and under weather conditions when he was supposed to be safe in camp, and he was seen to be counting to strange fields for his replenishments of gas and ammunition, fearful, if he showed up at his own airfield, lest he be held in contempt by the other flyers.

That was September 12, the day after the burning balloons. It was signed "Luke." At 5:05 two Boches were shot down. At 5:10 two more. Seven minutes later a third Boche was shot down. Luke was not seen again.

The Legend of Murvaux

On October 18 a telegram from the International Red Cross reached him as "killed in action," and late in December an American officer, returning from a prison camp in Germany, reported that in the village of Murvaux, he had seen a young man who had been reported as killed in action. He was not seen again.

From that legend, as enlarged and corrected by the affidavits of 15 French men and women and children, the Luke identification has been made. They saw his plane streak across the sky, headed straight for a captive balloon and headed straight for a captive balloon and headed straight for a captive balloon.

Dipping, wheeling, dodging, he eluded his pursuers. He destroyed the captive balloon and headed straight for a captive balloon and headed straight for a captive balloon.

Dark was coming on and he was ten kilometers away from his base. He was not seen again.

Flying low over Murvaux, he poured all the ammunition his machine gun had into the enemy troops and material assembled there. He was not seen again.

No Straw, No Winding Sheet

The villagers say that the German commandant of Murvaux would not allow straw to be placed in the cart that dragged Luke to the cemetery and that he drove off some women who brought a sheet to wrap the body. This officer, they say, gave the body a contemptuous kick and said: "Get that out of my way as quick as possible."

Luke was a second son. He was born May 19, 1897, the son of Frank Luke, of 2200 West Monroe street, Phoenix, Ariz. His most sensational exploit was on September 18, when he destroyed two enemy balloons and headed straight for a captive balloon and headed straight for a captive balloon.

While he did not win his first official victory until September 12, his own combat record shows that on August 16 he shot down a Boche plane and headed straight for a captive balloon and headed straight for a captive balloon.

A.E.F. SHOP TALK

Requests of individuals and persons, regardless of their rank or standing, for copies of the material suitable for souvenir or trophy purposes will be turned down by the A.E.F. The material will be saved and distributed according to Congressional authorization.

WHERE TO SHOP IN PARIS

To obtain quality and value and to be well attended, go to

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WRITE FOR OUR CATALOGUES

Orders promptly executed by our English Staff

Parcels can be forwarded any place in the world

Q-M. BESTS 3,000 MILE HANDICAP

Continued from Page 1

have been required for the entire winter

the troop program had been carried out

the A.E.F. Tens and tens of thousands of

things had to be fed, hay, oats and

bran as hard to find in France as a needle

in a haystack, and nothing harder to transport

During the war, irrespective of large

quantities of food, the forage section of the

Supplies Department landed 239,299,744

pounds of hay, 423,366,980 pounds of oats,

and 33,612,910 pounds of straw in the

A.E.F. ports, at a cost of \$84,410,391.

Cold storage and refrigeration was necessary

for the millions of pounds of meat

destined for A.E.F. consumption. It is

believed that the A. E. F. had the largest

ice box in the world. It was at Givres,

was 886 feet by 110 feet, and when it

was full had 6,500 tons of fresh meat,

or enough to feed New York, London,

Chicago and Paris for a day. There were

16 others in the A.E.F., none of which was

so large, and all of which together had a

capacity of 10,374 tons of meat. Plans

had been made for the installation of 15

new cold storage plants with a capacity of

15,065 tons each. November 11 came with

its many changes in all calculations.

There were 1,500 vegetable gardens in

the A.E.F. last season all run by the

Supplies Division of the Quartermaster

Department. They were well scattered in

58 different parts of France and raised

75,000,000 pounds of vegetables at a cost

of only \$72.41 per pound of fresh meat.

The Quartermaster Department did a

gasoline and oil business in France, which

in size and character might give a certain

idea of the work of the Quartermaster

Department. During the year of 1918 it handled

4,841,177 gallons of motor gasoline,

4,826,438 gallons of aviation gasoline, and

1,455,560 gallons of kerosene oil. It main-

tained a total of 27 large storage and dis-

tributing stations and was preparing to

install 66 more when the war ended.

Where the Salvage Was Salvaged

One of the most interesting parts of the

work of the Quartermaster Department or

any other department in France was the

Salvage Service, known as the American

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The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces; authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F.

Written, edited and published every week by and for the soldiers of the A.E.F.

Entered as second class matter at United States Post Office, Paris, France.

Advertising Director for the United States and Canada: A. W. Erickson, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Fifty centimes a copy. No subscriptions taken. Advertising rates on application.

THE STARS AND STRIPES, G-2-D, A.A.F., 32 Rue Talbot, Paris, France. Telephone: Gutenberg, 12-95.

FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1919.

THE HUMBLER RUINS

Toward Reims the feet of the pilgrims turn and, for years to come, will turn. Mankind passes in reverent procession before the martyred cathedral, the great maimed church, which, for all its wounds—perhaps a little because of its wounds—stands today as stupendously beautiful, as magnificent, as unconquerable as the Winged Victory of Samothrace.

But he who has seen Reims and only Reims has not looked upon the pathos of the war. Let him go, rather, to some such watch tower as Hattinchtel or Montsec and look down into the valley, strewn with little roofless villages which lie white in the spring sunshine, as white and as dead as the bleached bones left along the desert route by some forgotten caravan.

Let him go down into the villages. Let him seek out such a spot as Mazeris, say, and speak there for a while with the gaunt, white-haired woman who, amid the ruins of her home, is trying to begin again. She points to a bit of land still blighted by the battle that swept over it, still riddled with shell holes and tangled with wire.

"That land," she says, "is all we have. So we have come back to it. Mais ce n'est pas gai, Monsieur."

No, it is not much fun, Madame. Life never is much fun for "the people who go to bed tired and wake up without the stimulation of lively hope." In all the complex responsibility for the war can be found no faint suggestion that any of the fault was theirs. Yet on them has fallen its heaviest burden. For them the peace that is to be must be made a lasting one. If it be not—why, God pity them. And if, through the shortcomings of any statesman, it be not, may God have mercy on his soul.

THE SURROUNDED BATTALION

No single episode of the A.E.F.'s history has a stronger hold on the imagination of the folks back home than that of the beleaguered battalion—the episode of the surrounded ravine in the Argonne Forest. It is one of the few stories that have already taken on the character of legend.

Now the unfortunate battalion is surrounded again—surrounded by a great mass of inaccurate detail and misleading comment. For example, the battalion commander is—and always will be—fondly known from Maine to California as "Go-to-Hell" Whittlesey, under the delusion that he made that ringing reply to the German call for surrender, when, as he has always scrupulously explained, he made no reply whatever, ringing or otherwise.

Then, too, some not altogether dispassionate observers, feeling that the legend has outgrown all reason, cannot resist a tendency to belittle the achievement. They say that Colonel Whittlesey, once finding himself surrounded, should have fought his way back to the main body of divisional troops before his own forces were too spent by hunger, wounds and exposure. In saying this, they overlook the fact that that course would have abandoned to their fate, while there was yet hope of saving them, 80 American boys wounded in the advance on the ravine.

Other critics find relief in contemplating the obvious fact that the battalion would never have been surrounded at all if the division had functioned perfectly and nothing gone wrong. Naturally. If nothing had gone wrong, we should never have heard of the Charge of the Light Brigade nor would there be any thrill for us now in the word "Gallipoli."

It was the staunch spirit displayed by the men throughout that ghastly week which filled with enthusiasm the forest witnesses who chanced to see them when, emaciated and exhausted, they were carried out at last. That enthusiasm spread from the forest to the uttermost ends of America. The home folks said: "These men have done their country proud." And the home folks were right. They usually are.

GOSH!

You can lie in other mediums than by word of mouth or key of typewriter. The wielder of the brush and crow quill seems to be hard at work making the world safe for Ananias.

Most of our artists, apparently, never got to war, or, if they did, they are still at it, with no opportunity for drawing.

And when one of the leading American humorous papers publishes a full-page sketch of a home-going soldier leisurely strolling up a gangplank, all by his lonesome, and shaking hands with a poilu who has sauntered down to the dock to see him off; when we see this and think back upon our first going on board ship, close formation and in a personally conducted expedition supervised by 'steven thousand officers and non-coms and embarkation officials and gobs and super-gobs and other dignitaries, we feel that "art for art's sake" may possibly have pulled a bone. It should be: Art, for God's sake!

US FOREIGNERS

Many of the A.E.F. have already started, or are about to start, upon a pilgrimage, the gravity of which should not be underestimated. The travel directed being necessary in the military service, it has been deemed expedient to send a considerable section of the Army to America. It may be for years and for some it may be forever. Perhaps there are those among us who will never again view the consecrated rain-

swept shores of Brest or the beloved marshes of the St. Aignan concentration camp. But as good soldiers, we must obey.

G.H.Q. has refrained from making known the cause of this migration, but it is certain that it would not have been undertaken had not the exigencies of the situation demanded it. The A.E.F., being traditionally bound to America by bonds of sentiment, has been called upon to do its bit. It may be that the present troop movement is forced upon us by some Indian uprising near Schenectady or Newark or other settlements in that vast wilderness; it may be that our intrepid men may have to stem a stampede of angry buffalo, which, the French tell us, roam wild from Vermont into South Carolina, and from whose hoofs, it is charged, is manufactured the national American dish—canned willie.

But whatever the cause, let us go to do our bit. Furthermore, let us remember that Americans are Americans, with their own customs and ideas—primitive, no doubt, but none the less to be respected. Even in a land as sparsely populated as that, it would never do to antagonize the natives by openly sneering at their peculiar institutions—the Saturday night bath, the Thanksgiving dinner, the occasional change of underclothes, the longitudinal pants that will not come unwrapped. They, too, as well as we, have a certain sneaking fondness for their country. If we cannot accept their ways, we can at least tolerate them.

And let us go with a dry eye and a merry smile. When we bid farewell to our mademoiselles, and our trench shoes, and our cooties, and all that we hold most dear, let us not break into hysterics. We must remember that we are soldiers.

This is grim business, yes, damned grim business.

SUBPOENAING THE EXPERTS

Just now you belong to the Army. Pretty soon the Army will belong to you. What are you going to do with it?

You are returning, or soon will return, to that citizen body of which the Army is but a servant, an employee, an instrument. Presumably you have devoted considerable thought to the good and bad qualities of that instrument. In all probability you have come to the conclusion that, if a decent amount of attention had been paid to it in times of peace, it would have been a little readier when the world called on us to use it.

When you go back and have abandoned as futile your original intention of lying in wait for your old top to paste him one in the smoot, are you going to vanish into the legions crowd and forget all about the Army? Remember, it will be peculiarly up to you, both as a voter and as expert, to see that next time, if there ever is a next time, it shall be found as fit and clean and flexible an instrument as work and vision can make it. Are you going to keep an eye on the next Congressional committee that sits down to rewrite the Army legislation? After all, it will be your Army, you know. What are you going to do with it?

UNDER DOGS

"Why," asks a casual, "are we casuals the undesirable of the A.E.F.? Nobody loves us."

That last part has a reminiscent sound. Years ago a plump actor, Macklin Arbuckle by name, gained fame and fortune by an almost identical remark. Just as the curtain went down at the finale of one act he was wont to groan dully, "Oh, hell, nobody loves a fat man!"

And then the management raised his pay, and people sent him flowers, and pretty girls wrote letters to him telling him how they just perfectly adored chubbiness, and Mr. Arbuckle took on more weight and led the life of Riley.

Thus it goes. The under dog gets all the frankfurters from a sympathetic public, while the vainglorious winner has to sneak up the nearest alley with a canned-willie tin tied to his tail.

So with the casual. He may think his lot is a hard one, but let him wait until he gets home. Some evening he will go to call on Her, and maybe find Her in the company of his hated rival, a man who went to France in a regular division, and stayed in a regular division, and came home with a regular division, and everything. And when his h.r. gets through telling his thrilling tale and she calls upon him for his story, he can bury his face in his hands and murmur:

"Ah, woe is me! I was only a casual. I got deloused more, and M.P.'d more, and S.O.L'd more than any other guy in France. Nobody loves a casual!"

Then as his rival, recognizing the inevitable, eases toward the door, she will throw herself in his arms and warble: "Oh, Rupert, you poor, dear thing! How you have suffered! Let me see your little cassette!"

Oh, boy! Everybody's going to love a casual!

PIGS IS PIGS

There is an impression, more or less current even among our friends, that when the candy bin of the A.E.F. begins to run low, some figure juggler on THE STARS AND STRIPES gets busy and replenishes it on paper.

Men who are cheated out of their candy feel that they must bark somewhere, but in this case they are barking up the wrong tree. The bin is actually replenished often enough, but soon emptied again by a class of folk whom, like the poor, it seems we must ever have with us.

The much-abused candy writer of THE STARS AND STRIPES last week paid a visit to the headquarters of the Q.M.C. at Tours. He emerged in a very sweet frame of mind and a story of the arrival of a ship bringing 2,000,000 pounds of candy. He happened to stop in for a minute at the Tours sales commissary and while there saw one member of the A.E.F. pocket and pay for 25 pounds of candy and walk satisfied away. A little later the sign "no candy" greeted a long line of waiting men.

All of which reminds one very much of a familiar barnyard scene in which a certain animal gets in a certain place with all four and the rest clamor for the leavings.

The Army's Poets

WHEN THE ORDERS COME

There's a host a-ridin' anchor
In the port of St. Nazaire,
And his bow's a-foam' westward
For some good Atlantic air;
You can have my whole durned outfit
For I haven't got a care
When a ship's a-loadin' cargo
For a harbor over there.

They can have the French they taught me
As a bloomin' souvenir
I know another language
That is sweeter to my ear;
They can have their watered cognac
And their old left-over beer
For we've finished up the business
Till there ain't no liquor here.

There's a Goddess in a harbor
With a bugle at her lip
And she blows the notes of Recall
To a soldier-laden ship
And my buddy's ever with me
With a bottle on his hip—
And he's got it all protected
If his happy feet should slip.

They can tell Marie Louise
That I'm off to Sandy Hook,
That the lovin' ways she taught me
Ain't no new to this old crook—
That no second will be issued
And she needn't come to look
Cause the address ain't my address
That I scribbled in her book.

Oh! My baby, I'm a-comin',
And I'll strut the avenue
And I'm just as happy, honey,
That I don't know what to do;
Well, I'm ready for paradin'
For I've seen the Heilites through,
But I'll march at no attention
When I lay my eyes on you.

J. P.

LINE TO A DISCONSOLATE BUDDY

Well, if you've lost your sweetheart, Bill,
Remember, there's the sea,
Remember, there are Roman pines,
And fragrant China tea,
Scented like sillas and saadawood
And poppies from Candy.

Yet is the sprawling desert fierce
And clean with smattering light
From sharp Sierras where we watched
Somewhere's bandits fight;
And bandits there are still, old Bill,
If you go looking right.

Tequila hasn't lost its sting,
Nor tips their honest taste
As you ride home across the range
Coyotes make a waste
Of a lone howling when black clouds
Across the moon are chased.

The rough caress of winter winds,
The bippin's soothing rill,
Softness of poppies, spring grass, snow
And possum roasted white,
The obvious fun of fishing
For black bass with a pole.

The world is full of joy, Billy,
And full of things to see,
Fantastic, new and beautiful
To such as you and me—
But, mostly, there are ships, old top,
As fair as any she.

GRO.

WHO?

Who won the war? 'Tis hard to say;
Each has a different story,
And each will argue, you and nay,
While splitting up the glory.

Now in the States, one says 'twas wheat;
Another says 'twas tractor;
And oil and cotton, lumber, meat,
Are named as leading factors.

'Twas ships alone, the Jackie hears;
The S.O.S. claims credit,
The M.P.'s and the Engineers
Are sure their members led it.

The Y will say 'twas chocolate;
The officers, saluting;
But one thing is sure as fate
And none I've heard disputing.

For on this point they all agree,
That's simply nothing to it;
Whoever put the Y's in peace
We doughboys didn't do it.

WILLIAM H. DANFORTH,
Pvt., Co. A, 127th Inf.

SONG OF THE CAMIONEERS

Gaily with cheers, cursing at fours,
Twelve hundred stouthearted camioneers
Served with the French, nothing could quench
Their courage in carting up shells to the trench.
So, fill the cup high and never say die,
They sang on their camions thundering by!

To hell with the Hun! Speed up the guns!
We're debauching mountains, tons upon tons;
What if we croak? The Hun is no broke,
Any way living is only a joke.

So, fill the cup high and never say die,
They sang on their camions thundering by!

Fighting for France, in the Advance,
Long before others were given the chance,
"Carefree and gay," Gamble your pay!
Yesterday's gone, but the day is today!

Fill the cup high and never say die,
They sang on their camions thundering by!

Mouse to the Somme, ranting their room,
Whatever the sector, they're always at home;
Fighting for Right, cursing with might,
Cursing in camp until late in the night.

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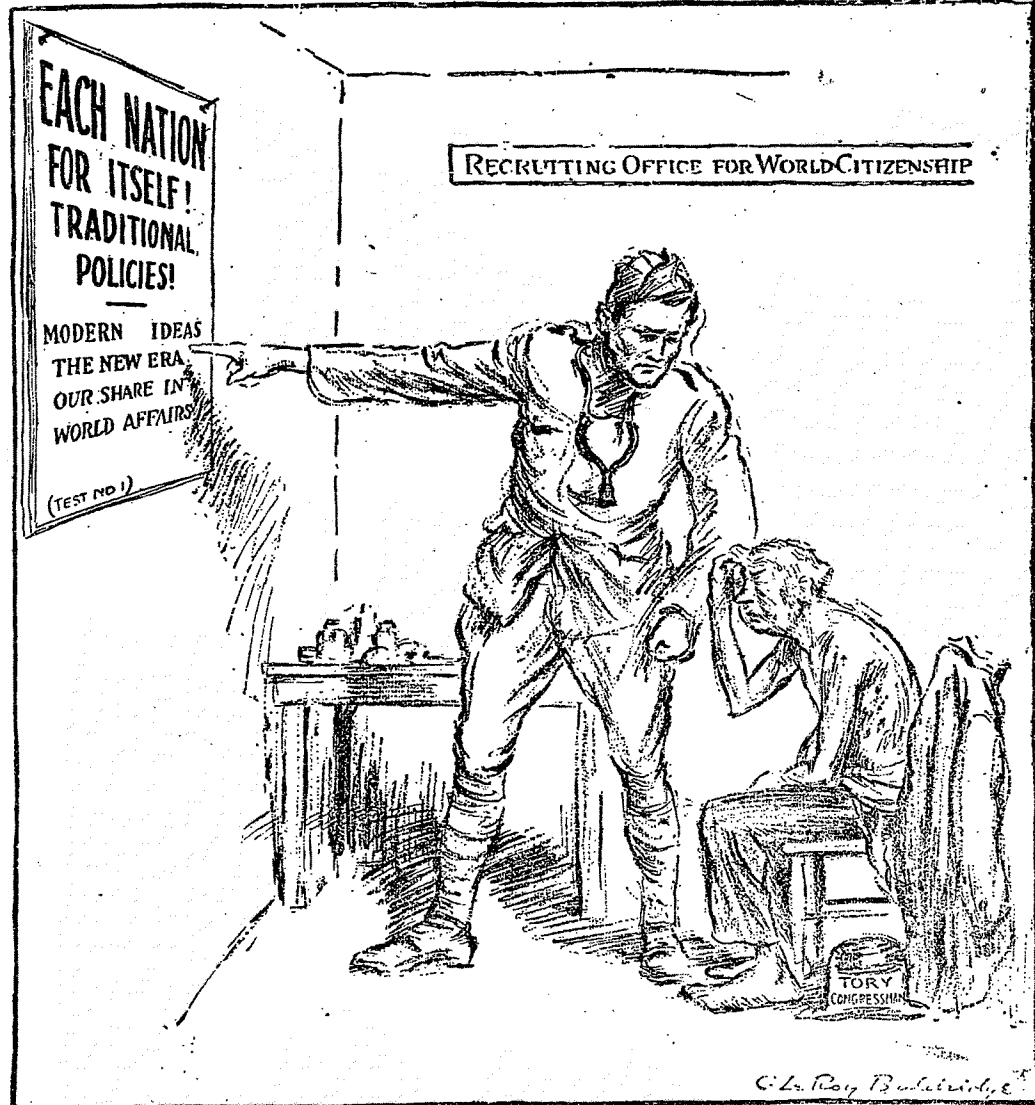
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UNFIT FOR SERVICE



He Can't Read the Last Words

WHAT AN OUTFIT!

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
I have read with no little interest the different unusual records of the soldiers of the A.E.F., and, while some of them are good, I am afraid all of your efforts in securing same were unnecessary, as our company alone can furnish some records that will eclipse any of the A.E.F.

Take the subject of baseball. One of our lads from Brookline, Mass., whose services were demanded by every manager of the two big leagues, turned them down because his Sunday school teacher didn't believe in professional ball playing. During our first stay in the trenches the Hunns were very much surprised one morning to see a huge stand erected between our first and second lines with a lone occupant, and they immediately attempted to dislodge him by hurling over shells of every caliber. Imagine their surprise when Harold would reach out and grab them and, by a quick snap, reutilize them in time for the Jerries to get the advantage of the explosion. After several attempts the Boche quit in disgust and every morning Harold would take his seat and calmly sit and spit derision at his baffled pursuers.

In the matter of length of service, I believe Old Man Charlie Cogle of our outfit holds the record. He enlisted in 1860, and served with honor as a machine gunner during the Civil War under General Grant. He accepted his discharge after the close of the war, but immediately re-enlisted after several intensive disputes with his wife. You would be surprised at the agility of the old man, and it is quite interesting to hear him tell of some of his experiences during 1861-1865.

The tallest man in the service, without a doubt, is Tommy Shinn, who is 8 feet 4 1/2 inches. The reason you have never heard of him before is because of his extreme sensitivity about his height and the fact that he never shows himself.

The shortest man in the service is Burley Mey, whose actual height is 3 feet 2 1/2 inches. He succeeded in passing the medical examination by exchanging the examining doctor's glasses for a pair that possessed great magnifying power. He and Tommy Shinn are pals, and it is a pretty picture to see them together.

Our entire company holds the record for length of service in France, as we came over a day ahead of General Pershing. It has never been mentioned before, as we were not supposed to arrive until after our Commander-in-Chief.

We have one man in our company who made 55 out of a possible 50 on the rifle range. The last shot tore through the bull's-eye and, striking a rock, glanced back and went through the bull's-eye again.

We will have another record before we leave France as a truck driver who had heard through a chauffeur at G.H.Q. told one of our wagoners that our outfit was scheduled to follow the A.E.F. home, and we can truthfully state that we were the last organization to leave France.

CORPORAL TOM.

OUR ERROR, SIR

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
In justice to all concerned, it is desired to correct a detail (typographical error, doubtless) in the article "Defenses Broken in Final Lunges at Line of Meuse," page 8, issue of THE STARS AND STRIPES of April 11.

When the 5th Division forced the crossing of the Meuse it was Company F, of the 7th Engineers, that laid the first bridge over the river and canal at Brielleux under enemy fire, and not Company E, as stated.

Company E could have and would have done the work, but it was not their job, and, although they had some carrying details assisting, the whole of Company F was engaged, and the responsibility was theirs alone.

W. R. SWAN,
Maj., Engrs., Commanding.

YOU WIN

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
More dog-tag poker. Cpl. C. L. Taylor is running the joker wild, so I am running the wild and forgetting Hoyle altogether. Under the rules of the game, my hand is not foul and it reads 2266677. In other words, a full house and a pair to nigger with.

CPL. GEORGE L. PELTCHER.

HEADLINES OF A YEAR AGO

From THE STARS AND STRIPES of April 26, 1918.

HUN ATTACK SMASHED BY YANKEE DEFENDERS—Long Encounter Northwest of Toul Results in Expulsion of Enemy from Our Lines With Heavy Losses.

BATTLE'S NEW PHASE INDECISIVE AS FIRST—German Attacks Gain Some Ground, But no Objective Is Won—Drain on Enemy Manpower Exceeds Verdun Effort.

GOLD SERVICE CHEVRONS FOR ALL A.E.F. MEN—One for Each Half Year—Washington Gives Coveted Decoration to 2,000 A. and S.O.S. Allies—Must Show Right to Wear It.

GIRLS MOST IN DEMAND AS AMERICAN MASCOTS—Fourth Week of Campaign Brings Orphan Adoptions up to 60.

CLEMENCEAU, "LE TOMBEUR" SCORES AGAIN—Wrecker of Cabinets Adds Austrian Sculpt to His Belt Ornaments.

WE'LL STICK—Our History Has a Way of Repeating Itself.

NO WEDDING BELLS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
I wish to express my appreciation of the editorial "Unjust Suspense," which appeared in your paper on April 11.

I am now a casual and have four chevrons equally divided on my sleeves. I was in the Infantry, but I'm a Q.M. now in a venereal camp. My outfit is home and discharged.

My sweetheart expresses sympathy for me in my present condition and wishes me well. But she does not think she would care for a husband who could not respect the girl he had asked to be his wife. So she said goodbye.

I am not a venereal patient; have never been one. Neither am I responsible for my presence here. The Boche snipers are to blame. However, I am sending her your editorial in hopes that she may think better of her decision.

S. M. T.,
Hq. Co., Bassans.

ASK GRANDPA

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
I would appreciate the answering of the following two questions in your next issue of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Why call an Infantryman a doughboy? Why call a where did the name "buck private" originate?

A. E. SANDERSON,
Air Service.

[The word "doughboy" originated in the Philippines. After a long march, your extremely dusty roads the Infantrymen came into camp covered with dust. The long hikes brought out the perspiration, and the perspiration mixed with the dust formed a substance resembling dough; therefore, their lucky brothers, the mounted soldiers, called them "doughboys."

A private was called a "buck" as far

WANT A PICKLER?
PLENTY AVAILABLE
FROM ARMY RANKS
 Or Personnel Bureau Can
 Supply Anybody from
 Diver to Dog Man
LIST A.E.F. BY VOCATION
 704 Necessary Occupations Given
 for Smooth Operation of
 U.S. Army Machine

"Request names," read the new man in the personnel office of the Central Records Office, "request names of five men each with qualifications for the following occupations: pickler—good grief, what's a pickler?—dining car conductor—holly mackerel—pigeon fancier—great scotch cats—detective, mucker, inside picture scene builder, epi-epi-epiologist—wot th—"

"Say," he accented the sergeant major, "there's a general, or somebody, tryin' to kid us. Look at all these funny jobs he wants us to fill. What does he think we are, anyhow, a supply station for a side show?"

The sergeant major looked over the list. "There's nothing unusual about this. A pickler's a man who cleans metals by acid. They want the dining car conductor to take care of the eats somewhere. The pigeon fancier is to train carrier pigeons. The detective's probably for M.P. duty. A mucker is for mining or quarrying. These troublemakers that are worrying you are telephonic repair men. They want the motion picture scene builders for camouflage work. An epi-epiologist is a medical man experienced in infectious diseases. Sure, I guess we can supply all those all right."

704 Necessary Occupations
 In the Government index of occupations which are necessary for the smooth operation of the Army are listed 704 occupations, while interpreters can be counted only by the number of languages spoken by the human race. The American melting pot has never not to absorb all races, but at the same time has absorbed practically every known occupation to such an extent that the Army machine thoroughly in every department, and this fact has contributed greatly to the efficient methods shown throughout America.

When the small town of blacksmith played the part of the company barber and the man who worked with pick and shovel was appointed tailor for the outfit, the men were equipped through the scientific methods which were adopted while the A.E.F. was still in its childhood. When America first came into the war game, the men of the United States Army had done before, regardless of the need which was sure to come later for distribution of man power according to the needs of the war. The men who followed by the men in civil life and which corresponded to some extent with a like need in the Army.

Organization by Vocation
 When it found, as had France and Great Britain, a need for greater man power in the more technical parts of the Army machine it promptly organized itself vocationally in a scientific and business-like manner. To achieve this result, the personnel bureau, attached to the Central Records Office, was organized on May 20, 1918, and continued in G.O. 100, June 20, 1918. The duties of this new department were enumerated so as to include everything which might be of use in determining the value of a soldier to the service, including family history, date of birth, and the time when the soldier joined the Army. This record, necessarily, includes everything regarding the past vocational history of the soldier, showing the work at which he has been fitted, as well as secondary and tertiary occupations, and even occupations, which, although not obviously necessary to the Army, might at some time prove valuable for the service.

For 100 Per Cent Efficiency
 Following the organization of the personnel bureau, the entire A.E.F. was secured for available material for specialized work. The result was a system of man power material which had never been suspected, and thousands of men, who otherwise would have remained buried in organizations in which they would have been unable to put their expert qualifications to the service of the Government, were found and placed where they could realize 100 per cent efficiency. Most organizations of the A.E.F. have been organized on such a basis that they now resemble well built machines, with the work of the personnel bureau as the balance wheel.

Whereas, in the past, armies have been considered as so many fighting and supply units, the individual is now taken and weighed and his true worth is learned through the vocational work of the department. The result is that the men who have been demonstrated time after time when soldiers were taken from the front or from S.O.S. organizations, where they were doing nothing more than coming to the command lot of a soldier, and given a chance, not only to keep in touch with their previous training, but also to give their greatest efforts toward the successful termination of the war in the hands of the individual has made good to such an extent that he has been recognized as an exceptional material and commissioned a promotion that might have been extremely improbable under the old system.

Here, for instance, are a few requests which have been received in a few days by the personnel bureau and which are typical.

"Send names of twenty men with experience as cashier or treasurer of industrial or banking institutions."

"One hundred men whose special occupations appear in the records as 'Athletic Director,' 'Playground Director' or 'Athletic Coach or Trainer.'"

"Request names of an efficient number of translators to provide for the translation of French, German, Russian, Italian, Hungarian, Serbian, Greek, Turkish, Armenian, Polish, Japanese, Chinese, Czech, Spanish, Portuguese, Rumanian and Persian."

"Request names of ten expert comptometer operators."

"Request names, rank and station of 12 enlisted men speaking the Alsatian dialect."

They're All in the Army Now
 And, just to show that none of the information you set down on your qualification cards back in the prehistoric days when you made them out went to waste, here are a few oddities in that list of 704 occupations which are considered essential for the proper conduct of this A.E.F. of ours:

Bulletin painter, outdoor advertiser, scenery painter, water and ice bacteriologist, pianist, confectioner, killer (butcher), circus tent man, police investigator, general worker, barrel straightener, heavy lifting laborer, diver cleaner, log roller, sea diver, hydrotherapist, skingrapher, psychiatrist, neurologist, general merchant, hay and grain merchant, nitre bluer, topman (mining), cangador, psychologist, dog trainer, shucker-up or holder-on (structural steel work), shinner, briandman, seamstress, sewing machine operator, undertaker and—even reporter and editor.

A consolidation of vocational strength returns for the entire A.E.F. has been prepared for record purposes, and the statistical value of this is such that it will require years for the American people, knowing little of the real requirements of war, to appreciate the vocational strength of the Army which served in France, Belgium, Italy, Russia and Germany. This report, containing 95 pages, each 16x22 inches, is now in possession of General Headquarters.

AFTERWARDS

The years go by and a man forgets
 Old barricades and the bitter fray;
 The ancient wrongs and the dull regrets
 He knew so well in a younger day;
 The slogging hikes and the sudden fears
 That haunted him in the mud and rain
 Are gilded soon in the passing years,
 Wiped clean again of the crimson stain.

"Never again"—is the doughboy's cry,
 And deep in his soul he means it all;
 But after the months have drifted by,
 He leans again to the bugle call;
 Soon forgetting the army slum,
 The blasting shell in the swampy glen,
 His dreams sweep back to the rolling drum
 And a life on the open road again.

The reveille of a rainy dawn—
 An endless road with a gun and pack;
 A "bawling out" where the line is drawn
 With never a chance to answer back;
 Broken dreams where the Fokkers drift,
 Even the stockade, dull and gray,
 Drudgeries of a K.P. shift—
 "They all look good when you're far away."

—Grantland Rice.



TO MY SOLDIER.
 By a Red Cross Girl.
 Think of me waiting, as the old house waits—
 (Door on the far, the latch-string always out—
 Rooms left unchanged, fires in the cheery grates,
 The same familiar knick-knacks strewn about.)

And like the lamp that never fails at night—
 Its wordless welcome from the porch to burn—
 Know that my love grows with a constant light,
 Pointing the path till home your foot-steps turn!
 —Cro (Central Records Office).

Our idea of a Sammie is a person who hasn't been roughened by experience—whose fond aims are afraid to call him "Sam" for fear he'll want to "swear longies." The long and short of it (the Texas and Rhode Island of it, as it were) is that we are NOT Sammies. Neither are we Claudius or Poncey or Village. We are Toof Guys.—Lorraine Cross (79th Division).

Life's Darkest Moments: Perusal of the evacuation lists.—Mehun News (Ordnance Troops, A.P.O. 741).

A large colored boy in the front rank was bothered by the sight of the following negro behind him who had a great deal of trouble keeping in step. Finally, in sheer desperation, the big black turned and exclaimed: "Boy, if you all don't stop tryin' tuh climb mah spinal column in that mannah, I's sho gwine tuh demobilize yo' in fo' counts."—Cro (Central Records Office).

An article in THE STARS AND STRIPES contains the statement, "Stick to your job." Well, we're stickin', ain't we?—Reptilian (Overhaul Park 731, M.I.S.U. 305).

At first she wrote him every day. Always with a hug and kiss. She wrote to him so often that the system of mail was built waddies, with the work of the personnel bureau as the balance wheel.

Whereas, in the past, armies have been considered as so many fighting and supply units, the individual is now taken and weighed and his true worth is learned through the vocational work of the department. The result is that the men who have been demonstrated time after time when soldiers were taken from the front or from S.O.S. organizations, where they were doing nothing more than coming to the command lot of a soldier, and given a chance, not only to keep in touch with their previous training, but also to give their greatest efforts toward the successful termination of the war in the hands of the individual has made good to such an extent that he has been recognized as an exceptional material and commissioned a promotion that might have been extremely improbable under the old system.

LOST A BARRACKS BAG? ASK GIEVRES
 200,000 of 'Em Are Down
 There and the Detail
 Wants to Go Home

Maybe it is rather odd, but the men of the Central Baggage Office at Gievres really want to go home.

But what is more odd is that they can't go home unless about 200,000 members of the A.E.F., whose barracks bags are at Gievres, write to Gievres, describe their bags and have them sent to them.

"Help us find the owners of these bags, and thus help us get home," might be said then, to be the new slogan of the toilers at this port of missing blue cloth containers.

Of the 200,000 barracks bags in the warehouses, about 15,000 have only the names of the owners on them. Hundreds belong to men who were formerly with divisions or organizations but who have been dropped from divisional rosters, so it is not received that a man's former division has sailed he needn't get the idea that his baggage went with it.

The Central Baggage Office, the address of which, incidentally, is A.P.O. 713, American A.E.F., is awfully the friend of the enlisted man. It wants to hear of his baggage troubles in order to remedy them if possible. It insists, however, on his full name, rank and serial number, and the name of the organization of which he was a member when he came to France.

If he lists a few of the personal but distinctive articles which he left in the bag, so much the better, but he needn't. For the love of Mike, say toothbrush or trench mirror or anything of those things with which 2,000,000 of the rest of the A.E.F. also possess—or used to possess. But that picture of "FIER" for instance, or of the folks, or a description of those blue silk pajamas or yellowish necktie some big-hearted nunt wished on him at the training camp is what the Gievres office wants. They are the things that help find lost baggage. And every bag mislaid should describe in detail all the markings on the bag.

If a man is in France or in Germany, in his letter to the Central Baggage Office, he should say where he wished the bag sent. If the bag is not in the warehouse, the office will try to find it for him.

hobtail, coffee cooler, eagle screams, punk dogs, hombre, pronto, yellow legs, wagon boys.—Cootie (9th Infantry).

Any one in possession of a longer name than this one—Allen Cranberry Thurman George Aloysius Smith—will be awarded the rubber crutler, until now the undisputed property of Lieut. A. G. T. G. A. Smith.—Let's Go (M.T.R.P., A.P.O. 772).

"Say, what would you rather be, a lieutenant with a bar on your shoulder or a civilian with your shoulder on a bar?"—Courier (Base Section No. 2).

My parents told me not to smoke, I don't.
 Nor listen to a naughty joke,
 They hated it clear I mustn't wink
 At pretty girls, or even think
 About intoxicating drink.
 I don't.

To flirt or dance is very wrong,
 I don't.
 Wild youth chase women, wine and song,
 I don't.
 I kiss no girls, not even one,
 I do not know how it is done,
 You wouldn't think I had much fun.
 I don't.
 —Rumbler (Advance Overhaul Park, T-1).

Blessed be the soldier that expecteth nothing, for he shall not be disappointed.
 —Quest-co Que Chast (American Students, University of Toulouse).

The S.O.S. insignia may mean any of the following: "Sammy's Own Socks, Stuck on Sails, Sailing Orders Sometime, Seconds On Slum."—Courier (Base Section No. 2).

NOTICE.
 All members of this detachment will have their clothes pressed at least once each week. The supply officer will furnish barrels for enlisted men while their uniforms are being pressed. Apply between 2:35 and 2:45, to supply officer.—Les Benux Jours (Students at University of Poitiers).

Weather Forecast—It was pretty nice for a while, wasn't it?—Pontanonez Duckboard (Camp Pontanonez, Brest).

Joe Elversen, the efficient top kick of Headquarters Troop, stopped us the other day and said, "What's all this I hear about your paper saying top sergeants are no good and ought to be sent home?"

"It's a base libel," we said, "where's nothing to it at all." We then went on to explain how the policy of this paper has always been one of reserved friendship toward all top kickers.

"Absolutely," we never said they ought to be sent home. We think they ought to be kept over here until the last road is mended, the last mile salvaged, the last street polished up and the last trench from us to suggest that the country lose the services of such valuable men.—Lorraine Cross (79th Division).

he is sitting before it could possibly get to him, he should give the address in the States where he wishes it sent. The office wants to reunite him and his belongings, and will make every effort to do so.

If the office cannot find a man's bag and he can prove that it was lost, and can certify as to the value of the lost articles, then in accordance with Bulletin 105, G.I. Q. 1918, there's a way of being reimbursed.



"Always put off until tomorrow the worrying you could do today."

As applied to clothes, ours are worryproof.

Years of successful trading have proved that all-wool fabrics plus highest type of tailoring satisfy most men.

The occasional worrier gets his moneyback!

Everything men and boys wear.

ROGERS PEET COMPANY
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 NEW YORK CITY

YANKEES ARE GONE BUT LORRAINE HAS MEMORIES FOREVER

Shaft in Ruined Town Honors First Americans Killed in Action

OLD INHABITANT TALKS

Tells Tale of Peaceful Days in "Bon Secteur" Before Men from Overseas Arrived

In most of the towns and villages which mark the sectors southeast of Nancy, where American soldiers entered the trenches for the first time, the people have forgotten what Americans are like. A stray soldier in olive drab is a sensation. The children run after him in the street, but they have become so unfamiliar with the manners and customs of the animal that they never mention cigarettes or chewing gum.

In all that Lorraine countryside from St. Nicholas to Racaract, where the 1st, 42nd, 37th and 77th Divisions got their baptism of fire, there are only a few striking reminders that America, after all, had some part in the war. One is the lone cluster of M.P.'s stationed at Lunéville under the delusion that AVOL's might invade the town, as if a man on a spree would ever think of going to Lunéville.

Another is the flashy painting of the Statue of Liberty which smiles the eye of every stranger who enters the public square at Lunéville. It occupies the whole side of a house, all the world like an American breakfast food advertisement, and it is all that is left of some Franco-American fête celebrated in the days when France was all agog over American intervention in the war.

Then, remote, solitary, impressive, stands the white memorial shaft which the good people of Lorraine reared among the ruins of Bathilmont les Bauxemont in honor of the first three American soldiers to be killed in action. All around it is desolation, fields still dented from the long absence of the plow, dunpots and trenches undisturbed save by the soft spring rains, and wire everywhere. The village is on a hilltop and the white shaft is visible from far across the rolling countryside.

On one side the inscription reads:

First Three Killed in Action
 "Here, in the soil of Lorraine, lie the first three American soldiers killed by the enemy, November, 1917, Cpl. J. B. Gresham (of Evansville, Ind.), Pfc. E. E. Enright (of Pittsburgh), Pvt. Merle D. Hay (of Glidden). As sons worthy of their great and noble nation, they fought for right, for liberty, for civilization against German imperialism, the curse of the human race. They died on the field of honor."

Not there in the square, but a stone's throw away, in the field that slopes down from the settlement the three, all of Company F, 16th Infantry, are buried—buried in a little American cemetery of 12 graves, each grave sodded and planted with flowers, some of the crosses decorated with metal medallions that show the crossed flags of France and America. The whole cemetery is marked by a great cross of birchwood, with the figure of Christ nailed to it. It is very different from the busy graveyards that had to be made in the later days when our dead numbered thousands.

The other nine soldiers who lie in that first of our battlefield cemeteries are: Cpl. Russell W. Sprague, Company C, 1st Engineers.

Pvt. Harry L. Miller, Battery F, 5th Field Artillery.

Pvt. Charles Bismiller, Battery F, 5th Field Artillery.

Pvt. Harry Meyers, Company A, 26th Infantry.

Pvt. Peter Wojtalewicz, Company K, 18th Infantry.

Pvt. Elsie E. Aurand, Company I, 26th Infantry.

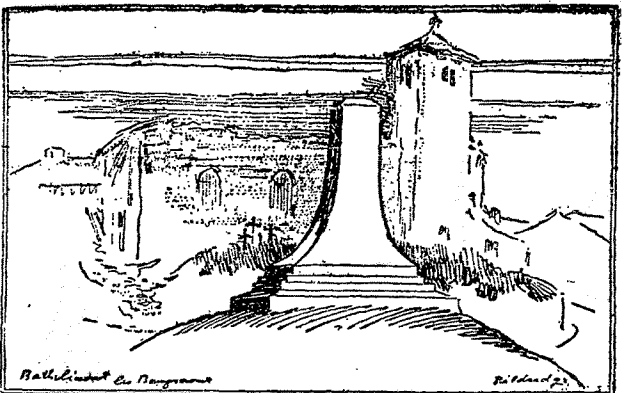
Pvt. Abraham Meadows, Headquarters Company, 26th Infantry.

Sgt. John F. Czajka, Company I, 26th Infantry.

Pvt. Stanley Janowicz, Company I, 26th Infantry.

The German raid in which Glidden, Enright and Hay were killed is a legend now.

WHERE FIRST DEAD LIE



In Bathilmont les Bauxemont. The old one-legged Frenchman who holds out to greet the occasional pilgrim will, as he sits on the wall smoking an American cigarette, tell all about the heroism shown that night. He will tell, too, how it was the coming of the Americans which brought ruin to the previously undisturbed village on the hill.

It Was "Un Bon Secteur"

"Yes, we were close to the line," he says. "There are the French trenches just over the crest of that hill. But it was un bon secteur. Until the Americans came the Germans had very few guns opposite us, and they never fired them. In the first three years not a shell struck in the town. We could go and come in peace. Then the Americans came and, mon Dieu, what they did pull the strings of their guns. All day and all night, Monsieur. And the Germans were furious and began hitting out right and left. Still, what would you? If they had not come our houses would be whole today, but poor Bathilmont, it would be a German town. That was a long time ago, and life is very hard here now. We have to journey far for ravitaillement. C'est la misère. Are there any American troops left now in France, Monsieur?"

He might hobble far through that part of Lorraine without finding an answer to his question. Sommerville can hardly remember whether it was the dust-covered wooden barracks or the Marie which sheltered our first divisional headquarters in the line. That was back in October, 1917, when Major General Sibert sent the 1st Division and the troops had gone into the trenches brigaded with the French, long before the communiques first told the world that we had taken over a sector "northwest of Toul."

But if that land of lace and glass and model workmen's cottages has been drained of Americans ever since the 37th shook the dust of Inceaurt from their feet last September, there is still an old American area which is still populated with Yankee troops. That is the first training area around Gondrecourt, into which the men of the first contingent were introduced while the world was still echoing from the thunder of our first Fourth of July in Paris. All the first training villages are now in possession of the 8th Division, and in Menaucourt, where the Marines were put through their first paces and, greatly bored, were obliged to listen to a lot of stuff about trench warfare, the 35th Infantry is in undisturbed possession.

"This used to be the old Marie headquarters, didn't it?" asks the three-stripe passer-by.

"I don't know," replies one of the present occupants. "When are we going home?"

"I don't know," says the three-stripe passer-by.

VALENTINE'S VALSPAR
 The Tastes That Won't Wash
 Valspar Varnish has been "doing its bit" in the aviation service of the Allies, ever since the war started. It is accepted as the standard varnish for airplanes and seaplanes, as well as for all other varnish purposes.

VALENTINE & COMPANY
 NEW YORK

10,000 IN TANK CORPS THANKED BY C-IN-C.

Organization Was on Way to Becoming Biggest of Its Kind

The ten thousand-odd officers and enlisted men who comprised the Tank Corps of the A.E.F. have been officially commended by the C-in-C.

At the conclusion of hostilities the Tank Corps organization had become a formidable force, and had the war continued America would have had a tank service in the field greater than any of our Allies.

A letter written by General Pershing to Brig. Gen. S. D. Rockenbach, commander of the Tank Corps, follows:

"Now that active operations have ceased and many of your personnel are returning home for an early separation from the service, I desire to express to you, and through you to the officers and enlisted men of the Tank Corps, my appreciation of the work that the Corps accomplished."

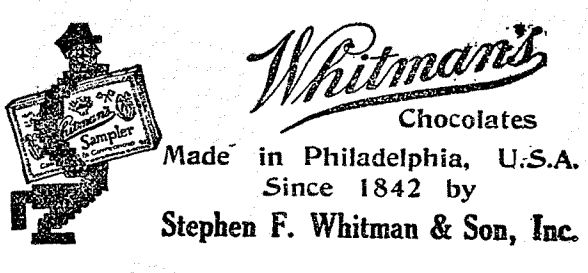
"From the beginning its history has been a consistent up-hill fight for recognition against almost insurmountable difficulties in the way of obtaining tanks for training or for fighting. Due to untiring efforts, a certain limited number were obtained from our Allies, the Corps was recruited from the pick of the personnel of all arms of the service, tank schools were started on a practical basis in France and England and by the middle of summer the Corps took the field with several battalions. Its history in active operation, though short, is a bright and glorious one. In both the American offensives at St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne of the First American Army, it was of material assistance in the advance. In the breach of the Hindenburg line with the British near Le Cateau it also won glory. The high percentage of casualties among officers and men tells the tale of splendid morale and gallantry in action of your personnel and of their unselfish devotion to duty."

"It gives me great pleasure to thank all officers and enlisted men of the Tank Corps, and in the name of their comrades of the American Expeditionary Forces, to convey our appreciation and admiration of their splendid work and gallant record."



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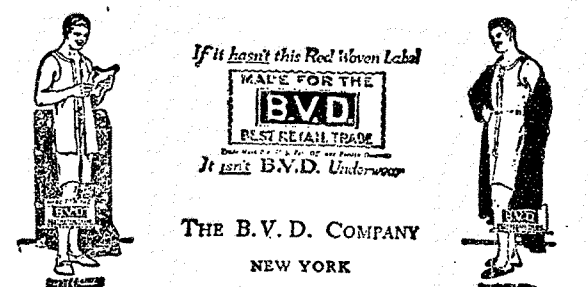


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The Stars and Stripes

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When you get back to the good old U.S.A., don't fail to have the dealer in your home town show you the latest patterns.

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It comes in a wide range of artistic designs suitable for any room where a low-priced floor-covering is desired. Look for the Gold Seal when you buy.

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YOU can tell the wearers of the Boston Garter—but you can't tell them much about garters. ["Hut Stuff"] You know them by the neat appearance of their ankles and they know all that is worth knowing about garters.

Every Buddy Knows the Boston Garter

THREE ARMY BOXING STARS

CR: LEO PATTERSON

Three Continents and Six Nations Represented in Big Regatta

Army of Occupation Team Scores Two Victories in A.E.F. Finals

Portugal Has Lightest Crew

With the exception of Portugal, the A.E.F. crew is the lightest on the river, but whether this is an advantage or a disadvantage with the heavy, clotted barges of the type to be used Sunday, remains to be seen. On the other hand, the Americans are taller than their competitors. In a shell equipped with out-riggers this would be an advantage, but in barges, with our locks on the gunwales and the five Portuguese, whose average height is five inches less than the Americans' can keep their oars in the water as long as the rest. From bow to stroke, the crew averages

Pvt. Charles Rubel, Third Army, threw Sgt. James McIntosh twice in their bout for heavyweight honors, the first fall coming in 5 minutes 19 seconds and the second in 9 minutes.

Pvt. Pete Metropolis, First Army, pinned
 Pvt. Alex Kozan, Third Army, to the mat
 in 9 and 15 seconds after which Kozan
 conceded the match to his opponent, hav-
 ing entered the ring with a broken rib and
 being unable to continue.
 In the 12 seconds after which the heavy-
 weight champion, the bouts were de-
 cided by the judges on points after half
 an hour's grappling.

The official team standing is as follows:

Second Army	25
Third Army	23
First Army	22
S.O.S. Inc	15
Varsity District	15
Le Mans	5
S.O.S. Inc	5
G. H. Q.	5

The outcome of the O'Connor-Farley bout
 Saturday cannot change the standings, as

YANKS WILL PLAY IN BIG EUROPEAN TENNIS MATCHES

TENNIS MATCHES

A.E.F. Officials Outline Attractive Campaign for Summer

The foremost tennis players of the A.E.F.

At an Inter-Allied Games Committee conference it was decided to permit A.E.F. racquet men to play upon Europe's premier courts in France, Belgium, Italy and England.

Final matches will be held May 19 to 21 and the individual championships May 22 to 24, in Paris.

The Inter-Allied individual and team championships will be held at the St. Germain Cloud courts and not at the Pershing Stadium, as first announced. The dates set for June 26 to June 7.

Following is the schedule of matches in which A.E.F. tennis stars will participate:

May 1-8—Exhibition at Colombes and Le Mans (two days).

May 10-12—Four-man team in Brussels vs. Belgian Army.

May 12-22—Four-man team in Rome, Florence and Genoa vs. Italian Army.

May 19-21—A.E.F. team match plays in Paris (this match will not conflict with Italian matches because the Italian team will play in the Westwood Stadium and break among them—can be chosen from men not in the A.E.F. team).

May 23-25—A.E.F. individual championships in Paris.

June 7-12—International tournament in Brussels.
June 8—Six-team match with Cambridge University (this will not conflict with Brussels, as Cambridge only wants a second team).
June 16—London championship (grass) Queens Club, London (four men).
June 23—English championships (grass), Wimbledon, London (four men).
July 6—France Commemoration tournament at Strasbourg (four men).

PLANS COMPLETE FOR BIG S.O.S. SWIMMING MEET

The S.O.S. swimming championships will be held at La Rochelle May 6 and 7. Seven events are on the program and will be held in the big bowl which has been secured for this purpose.

The events will be: 100 meters, free style; 100 meters, back stroke; 200 meters, breast stroke; 400 meters, free style; 800 meters, free style; 400-meter relay, free style, four men, and 1,500 meters, free style.

The rules provide that in all races except the back stroke each contestant must stand with both feet on the take-off. Stepping back before the start of the race will not be allowed and will serve to disqualify the contestant from that event. If the contestant leaves the take-off before the gun, it will constitute a false start. Three false starts will disqualify any competitor, and no substitute will be allowed. Each contestant will be entitled to a straight lane.

Is there any
AMERICAN BARBER SHOP in Paris?
Yes, there is a very good one with American
reclining Barber Chairs

GUTHRIE
5 Boulevard des Capucines
(near the Place de l'Opéra)

Sgt. Joe Harris, Headquarters Company, 320th Infantry, former Cleveland first baseman, and John Miljus, Brooklyn National League player, were badly injured when an enemy mortar struck in a ditch.

Harris is well known to baseball fans, ranking third in the batting averages of the American League for the season of 1917.

**BIG BILL McCABE
K. OF C. SECRETARY
RETURNING TO U.S.**

Big "Bill" McCabe, who is known to thousands of doughboys for his efforts in their behalf as a Knight of Columbus secretary, returned to his home in New York City on his way home. It was largely through his efforts that the present interest in rowing in the A.E.F. was developed.

Several months ago he worked out plans for an all-A.E.F. rowing crew to be entered in the international regatta to be held on the Hudson river, when Capt. C. D. Yimlan was appointed officer in charge. Following for the A.E.F., McCabe turned over his entry lists and other data to him. McCabe was then appointed assistant agent and superintendent of prisoners for New York State. Before leaving Paris he was present at the annual meeting of the A.E.F. in commembrance from his associates.

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